#1
$1.00

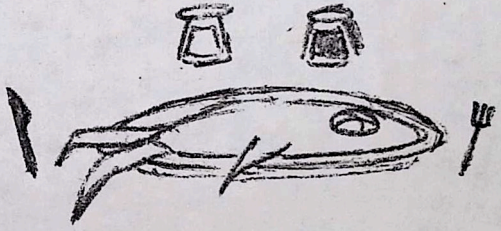
MAKE THIS DAY

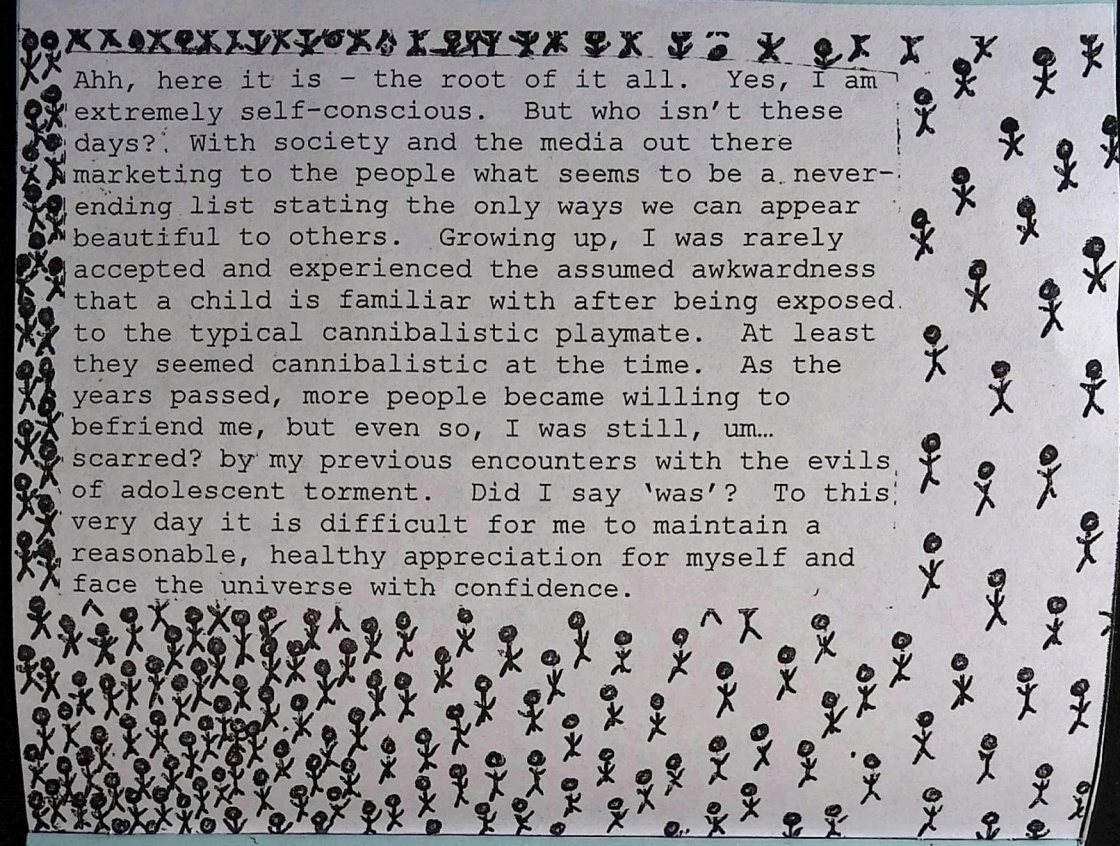
far beneath the grass & sky, forever

our two hearts will lie, without

the woes of earth above; we'll live in death & last in love

I'M WRITING THIS ZINE IN HOPES TO EXPLAIN (TO MYSELF?) WHY I NEVER COULD. MAKE THIS DAY, I MEAN. PERHAPS, IT WON'T MAKE ANY SENSE AND MY LITTLE THOUGHTS AND STORIES WILL END UP BECOMING ARBITRARY TO ANY READER WHO MIGHT TRY TO RELATE. OR MAYBE THEY WON'T EVEN WANT TO. NEVERTHELESS, I WILL CONTINUE TO MAKE AN ATTEMPT AT OPENING MYSELF UP TO A WORLD. EVEN IF IT ONLY CONSISTS OF EIGHT PEOPLE. IM GOING TO MAKE THIS DAY THE FIRST OF MANY.




Ahh, here it is - the root of it all. Yes, I am extremely self-conscious. But who isn't these days? With society and the media out there marketing to the people what seems to be a never-ending list stating the only ways we can appear beautiful to others. Growing up, I was rarely accepted and experienced the assumed awkwardness that a child is familiar with after being exposed to the typical cannibalistic playmate. At least they seemed cannibalistic at the time. As the years passed, more people became willing to befriend me, but even so, I was still, um… scarred? by my previous encounters with the evils of adolescent torment. Did I say 'was'? To this very day it is difficult for me to maintain a reasonable, healthy appreciation for myself and face the universe with confidence.

I'm finding it more difficult to be able to trust people.

how college is made out to be a place not only for a higher education, but also, of freedom, and yet still manages to feel so much like a prison.

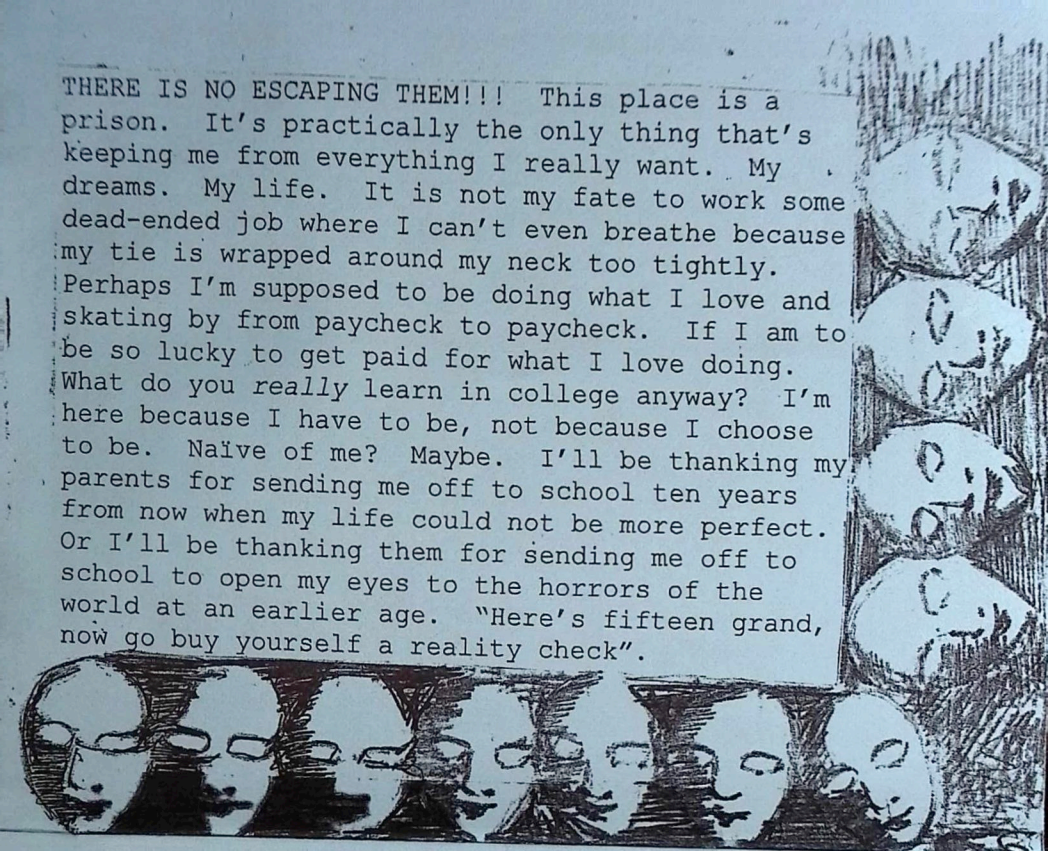
this long to realize it. It's ironic

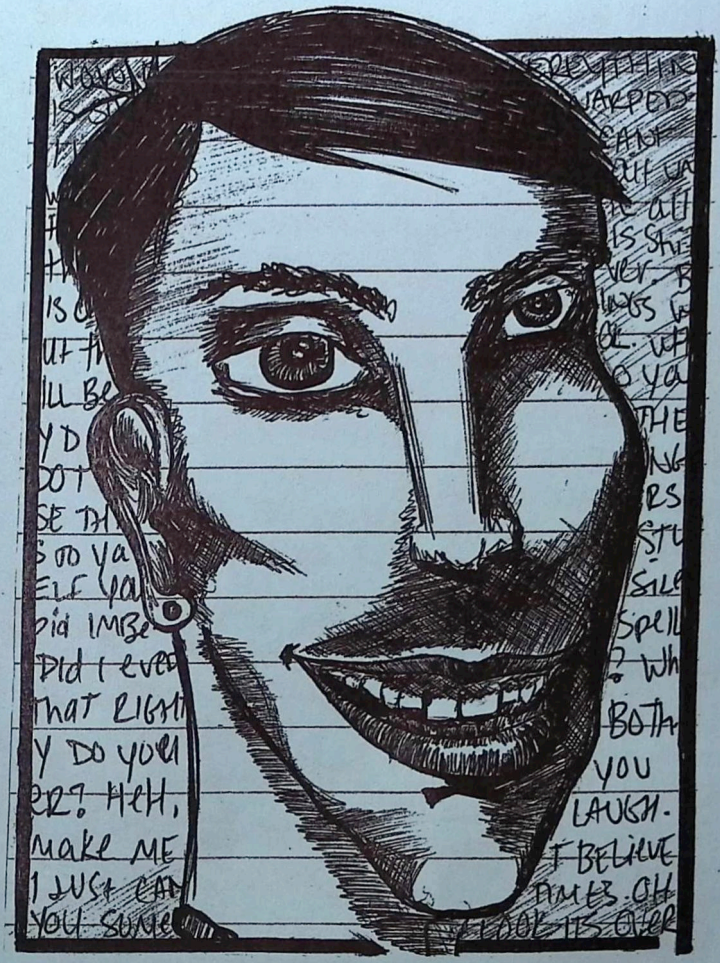
Being in college has taught me that if it has taught me anything. I'm just sorry it took me

No,

that is precisely what it is! Maybe I should be speaking for myself, but in my own few experiences here, the term 'prison' is quite an understatement. I don't say this because I'm stuck at school, not yet permitted to have a car on campus (although its very true). But I say this because the people here are sadistic, inhumane, twisted, and coldhearted, and there is no escaping them.

THERE IS NO ESCAPING THEM!!! This place is a prison. It's practically the only thing that's keeping me from everything I really want. My dreams. My life. It is not my fate to work some dead-ended job where I can't even breathe because my tie is wrapped around my neck too tightly. Perhaps I'm supposed to be doing what I love and skating by from paycheck to paycheck. If I am to be so lucky to get paid for what I love doing. What do you *really* learn in college anyway? I'm here because I have to be, not because I choose to be. Naïve of me? Maybe. I'll be thanking my parents for sending me off to school ten years from now when my life could not be more perfect. Or I'll be thanking them for sending me off to school to open my eyes to the horrors of the world at an earlier age. "Here's fifteen grand, now go buy yourself a reality check".

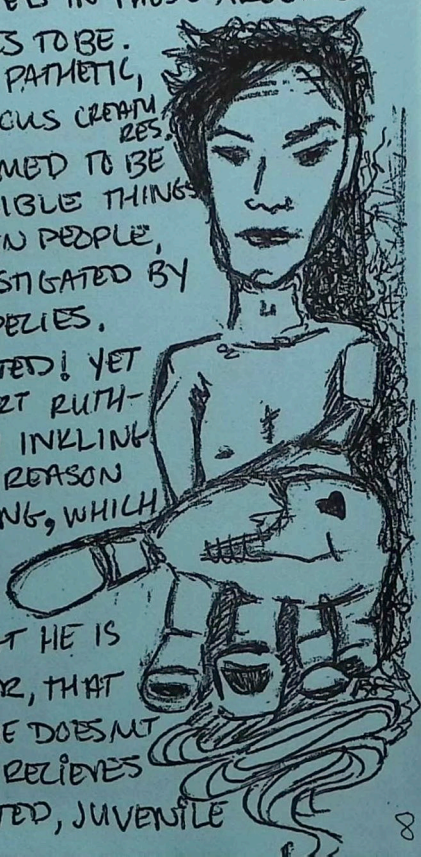



ILL BE
Y DO
SE TH
S DO YA
ELF YA
DID I EVE
THAT RIGH
Y DO YOU
ER? HEH,
MAKE ME
I JUST CAN
YOU SUNE
BOTH
YOU
LAUGH.
I BELIEVE
TIMES. OH
LOOK IT'S OVER

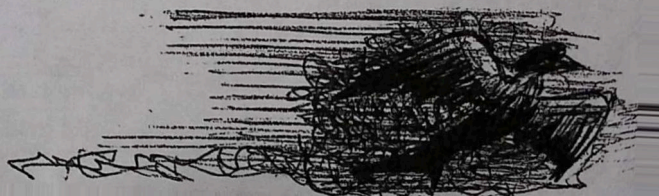
HERE'S A GIRL, MY ROOMMATE, WHO IS THE SWEETEST PERSON YOU'LL EVER MEET - IF YOU NEVER MEET HER AT ALL. SHE'S ONLY CARING AND INTERESTED IN THOSE AROUND HER WHEN SHE CHOOSES TO BE.

▲GIRLS CAN BE SUCH PATHETIC, MANIPULATIVE, DANGEROUS CREATURES. OFTENTIMES IM ASHAMED TO BE ONE. I WITNESS TERRIBLE THINGS THAT HAPPEN BETWEEN PEOPLE, THAT ARE USUALLY INSTIGATED BY THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES.

▲SHE IS NOT INTERESTED! YET SHE CONTINUES TO FLIRT RUTHLESSLY, WITHOUT ANY INKLING THAT SHE MAY BE THE REASON FOR HIS SELF-LOATHING, WHICH WILL UNDOUBTEDLY STRENGTHEN AT SOME POINT. SHE KNOWS THAT HE IS INFATUATED WITH HER, THAT HE ADORES HER. SHE DOES NOT CARE BECAUSE SHE BELIEVES SOME SORT OF TWISTED, JUVENILE

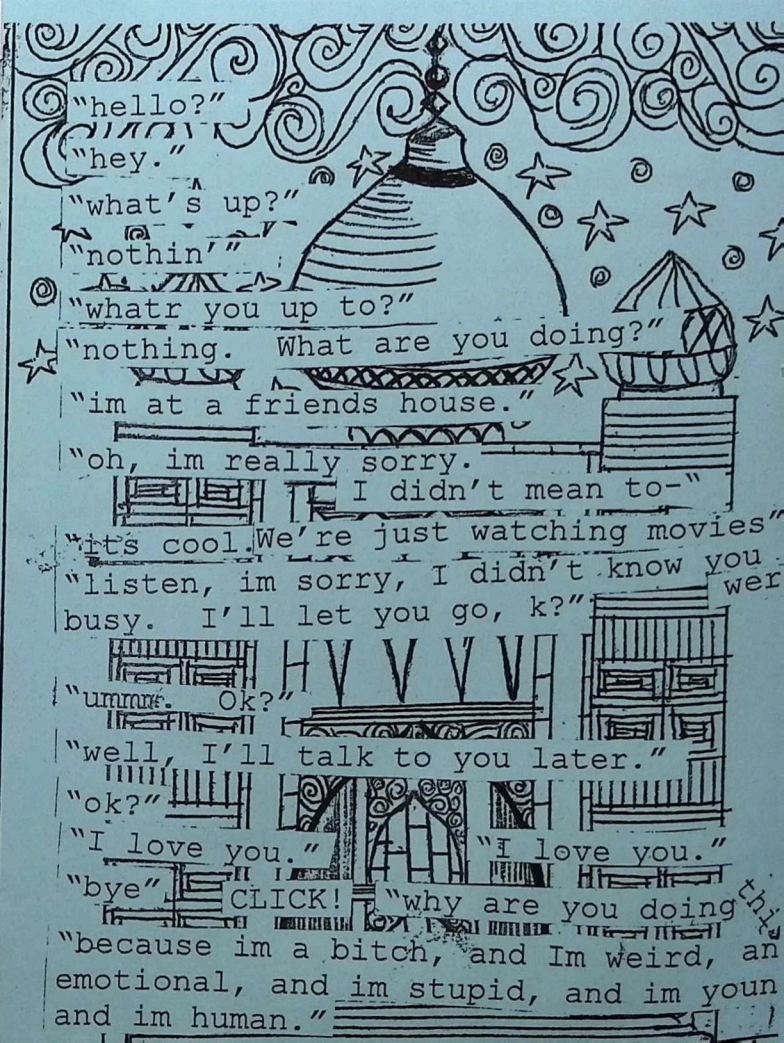


SATISFACTION FROM FLIRTING WITH ANOTHER AND KNOWING SHE WILL NOT BE REJECTED. WHO COULD BLAME HER FOR LOVING THE ATTENTION? I CAN. SELF CONTROL. USE IT TO BETT YOUR LIFE AND SAVE HIS. FOR GOD'S SAKE, BE HONEST! HE KNOWS DEEP DOWN THAT YOU HAVE NO PLANS FOR A FUTURE WITH HIM NO VALENTINES DAY DINNERS, NO PICKING OU EACHOTHERS WARDROBES AT THE MALL, NO TALK OF HOW YOU'RE GOING TO SPEND NEXT WEEKEND TOGETHER, NO GENUINE STOLEN GLANCES OR FIRST KISSES. IT WILL NEVER HAPPEN. HE KNOWS IT. SHE ALLOWS HIM TO CONTINUE HOLDING ON AND DIVING DEEPER INTO SOMETHING THAT WILL NEVER BE HIS. BOY, SHE KNOWS WHAT SHE IS DOING TO YOU AND SHE DOESNT CARE BECAUSE SHE'S GETTING EXACTLY WHAT SHE WANTS WITH OUT ANY EMOTIONAL COMMITMENT.



BLAH!
BLAH!
BLAH!
BLAH!

STOP.


"hello?"
"hey."
"what's up?"
"nothin'"
"whatr you up to?"
"nothing. What are you doing?"
"im at a friends house."
"oh, im really sorry. I didn't mean to-"
"its cool. We're just watching movies"
"listen, im sorry, I didn't know you wer
busy. I'll let you go, k?"
"ummm. Ok?"
"well, I'll talk to you later."
"ok?"
"I love you."
"I love you."
"bye"
CLICK!
"why are you doing thi
"because im a bitch, and Im weird, an
emotional, and im stupid, and im youn
and im human."

I LOVE SO MUCH HOW MUSIC EFFECTS MY FRAME OF MIND. I POP IN A TAPE OR CD TO GET MYSELF OUT OF ONE MOOD, AND IT INSTANTLY PUTS ME IN ANOTHER. HOW RELIABLE. HOW DEPENDABLE. I CLOSE MY EYES AND IM SOMEWHERE COMPLETELY NEW. I AM EXACTLY WHERE I WANT TO BE. WHEN I LISTEN TO MUSIC, I IMAGINE ALL OF THESE RANDOM LITTLE SCENARIOS THAT I WILL NEVER GET TO BE A PART OF. THERE'S A GIRL WHO IS NEVER ALONE, AND THE ONE SHE LOVES IS FLOATING AND DANCING WITH HER IN SPACE. THEY'RE HOLDING HANDS TIGHTER THAN THEY EVER HAVE BEFORE, BUT THEY DONT REALIZE THAT THEIR FINGERS ARE TURNING PURPLE BECAUSE THEY'RE SCREAMING SONGS AT THE TOP OF THEIR LUNGS THAT ONLY THEY KNOW THE WORDS TO.

Dear Painsville,

It hasn't been long since I've left everything you are. Your busy streets, full of faceless people with no particular agenda, other than to seek a comfortable means of survival. How unfortunate was my stay, although I must say, im rather glad I did. It was the deeper parts of town that made me realize how much I truly missed home.

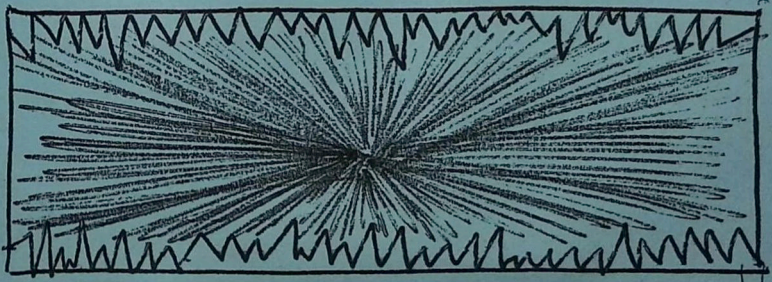
Obnoxiously yet intelligently, you are somehow beautified and made appealing to every unseeming visitor who is not currently aware of your intentions to rid yourself of anything naturalistic. Yes, these plans will not be executed for some time now, but wait until they settle in and make themselves comfortable. Or atleast wait for them to unpack their suitcases and display their treasures throughout the home. The favor was worth the inconvenience

thank you.

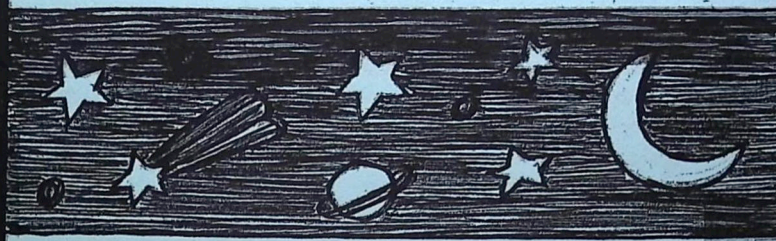
It seems like every annoying person on the face of the earth has decided to talk to me today. It's getting harder to drown out that wretched sound. STOP SCREAMING AT ME! Stop talking to me. Don't look at me. Get away from me. Don't touch me. Don't be rational, I'm not RATIONAL. This place is too small. I DON'T LIKE SMALL PLACES! I don't like these noises. I don't like these faces! Whenever I put a cd in of a song I want to hear, you always turn the music down and talk REAL LOUD. Sometimes I hold my breath instead of biting my tongue. I can hold my breath so hard that I start bleeding from every orifice in my face. But when I bite my tongue, that isn't pretty either.

I SOON DISCOVERED A HIDDEN [illegible] OF WORDS
LOCATED BENEATH THE GAS FIREPLACE
MY MOTHER JUST HAD INSTALLED. IF IT
WEREN'T FOR MY SUDDEN INTEREST IN
THE LAYOUT AND DESIGN OF THE SURROUNDING
TILE, I NEVER WOULD HAVE FOUND THAT
PLACE THAT KEEPS MY SOUL KEEPS IT!
HOW WOULD MOST PEOPLE FEEL WHILE
WALKING DOWN AN EXTENDED CROOKED,
CREAKING FLIGHT OF STAIRS TO WHICH THEY
DON'T KNOW THE DESTINATION. A PIT OF
COLD, WET DARKNESS SWALLOWING THEM
WITH EACH STEP THEY TAKE CLOSER TO NO-
WHERE, OR CLOSER TO SOMEWHERE TERRIBLE.
HOW WOULD YOU FEEL? AS YOU DESCEND
FURTHER, WINDOWS APPEAR ON EITHER SIDE
OF YOU, SHOWING YOU A GLIMPSE OF THE
OUTSIDE WORLD AT NIGHTTIME WITHOUT
STARS. ONLY A DIM GLOW OF A CRESCENT
MOON SEEPING THROUGH AN AWKWARD
ARRANGEMENT OF THICK CLOUDS, LIKE
DEAD BODIES STREWN ABOUT AS IF THEY
HAD BEEN PLACED IN AN UNMARKED PIT
OF A GRAVE. WHEN YOU DON'T EXPECT IT

AT ALL, STRANGE AND TERRIFYING CREATURES HURL THEMSELVES AT THE WINDOWS TOWARDS YOU, TRYING THEIR DAMNEDEST TO BREAK THROUGH. YOU TURN BACK TO LOOK AT THEM, AND THEY MEET YOUR EYES WITH A HAUNTING STARE THAT YOU COULD NEVER IN YOUR LIFE DESCRIBE. THIS STARE FROM THESE CREATURES STING YOUR RETINAS AND BURN THROUGH YOUR BLOODSTREAM. THE SILENCE OF THE STAIRWELL BECOMES EVEN LOUDER, BECAUSE NOW, YOU CANT EVEN HEAR YOUR HEART POUNDING IN YOUR OWN EARS. YOU CANT EVEN HEAR YOURSELF BREATHING. HOW WOULD YOU FEEL?



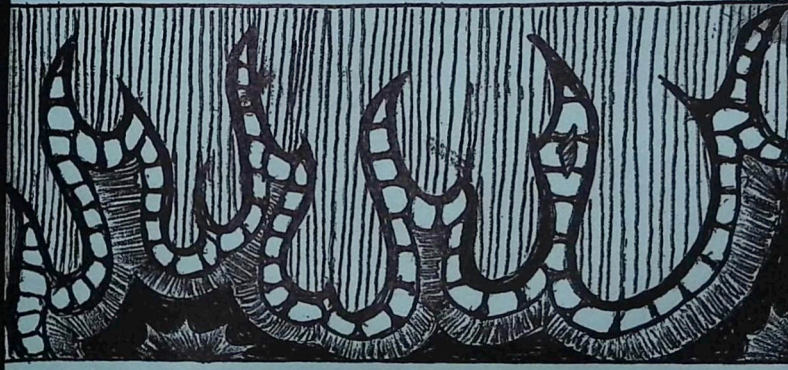
what do you want me to do?"
heh, nothing"
what can I do to make you happy?"
this- don't worry about me and have fun
t your friends house"
im not having fun...I wanna go home. I
anna be with you"
im sorry for being the way I am right
ow. Im just really upset and anger is
he only way for me not to be sad."
I just wish you weren't angry at me"
essentially, im acting out my anger
owards you because you are the cause for
y sadness. Not you, per say, but the
act that im not with you. And so, in
rder to keep myself from getting
xtremely sad and depressed, I have to be
ngry. Since you are the source of my
adness, I believe that's the reason why
m taking my anger out on you."
I see...I guess you want me to leave you
lone then?"
I never want you to leave me alone."



NEVERMIND, HOW

SELFISH

OF ME



I met a woman today - very short, no teeth, grey hairs poking out...maybe fifty years old. She's the night manager of a Haagen-Dazs ice crean shop outside of town. In what seemed to be within a few deep breaths, I have learned that everyday she wakes up with the sun to clean her tiny house in its entirety, and then leaves to get paid shit for cleaning somebody else's. After picking up whatever busy-doings that the lazy, upper-middle class homeowners leave behind, she puts on an apron, a visor, her hand-me-downs for clothes, and makes her way to the Haagen-Dazs to work the nigh shift. There, she not only has to keep the shop together, but she has to baby-sit the teenage punks (not a literal description) who work there. The woman told me all about her 24 year old daughter - her reason for living, the love of her life, her soulmate. I know that on her daughters eighteenth birthday, the woman threw her daughter a kegger because she's a "cool mom". Even to thi day, I also know now that every other night on he day off the two of them go back to their ramshackle house, get drunk, and take a few hits. Her poor daughter has a cleft lip because the woman couldn't keep off the drugs during her firs trimester. Then, there is her precious son, who has never met his young daughter, nor does he pay for any of her child support. He threatened to kill his sister right in front of this old woman (his mother). Apparently somebody who, she was involved with owed him some money that he never received.

2

The woman was so upset at the possibility o being forced to watch her daughters' brains being blown out of her skull that she was ready to up and leave the state. But wait, she has no money. She can't leave right away. She needs to save up just a little bit more. Somewhere in between the banter of this casual conversation she manages to slip in the fact that she is going on her sixteenth year of menopause. What?! The toothless troll of a woman temporarily put my lif into perspective. I can't imagine what it would feel like to have no teeth…

A few weeks after finding desperation and eccentricity at a Haagen-Dazs, I found romance at a 7-11. Well, almost. I guess I walked in sometime after 11pm (because that's when I leave work) and I immediately noticed the familiar handsome face behind the counter - oh yes, BEHIND the counter. I'd placed my slurpee and bag of flavored potato chips on the counter, and it was then that conversation struck. As I was eyeing the not-so-subtle tattoos on each of his forearms he'd apparently been doing the same to the rather large tattoo that takes up over half of my left forearm. Of course I say this because that was the conversation starter by his doing. We must have chatted for a little over an hour about what kind of people we are, what had brought us (back) to this small town, and what our plans were going to be after the summer ended. Overall, the hour of bonding went quite well. Daniel must have fel the same, due to the fact that he asked me for my number afterwards.

A couple of nights later, I returned to the '-11. Daniel greeted me with an enormous grin on ıis face and told me how happy he was that I had :ome back. Not long after I was starting to feel ſood about this reunion, Daniel opens his huge, ſaping hole of a mouth and says, "oh yeah, I :orgot to mention the other day that I have a ſirlfriend - but we're polyamorous, so it's ılright if you and I date..."

Jmmm, okay.

: was completely turned off by the idea of having ı slight interest in a guy who could have possibly ɔeen with a hundred women and their mothers. ;ross. After much deliberation, I thought it vould do me little harm to keep him around as a :riend - especially since he had no others in the ırea to speak of.

Daniel and I were chatting online one ıfternoon (once he'd woken up after working his ısual graveyard shift), and it didn't take him ong before he openly gave me an awkward example ɔf what his social habits are like - which, In hi: ɔarticular case, I find very unappealing in a man ɔr anyone. Naturally, this is only my opinion.

Before he found solace in Williamsburg (hah), Daniel had sold all of his belongings and :hrew away what would not be of value to anyone ɛlse. With the money he'd made stuffed into his ɔockets, he headed down to Florida with no place ın mind to go. I'm assuming he had intended to g ɔn a road trip to clear his thoughts - or ɜomething to that effect. One night, Daniel took ın exit to fill up on gas. He couldn't find his

way back to the interstate so he went to another gas station to buy food. There, he met a couple of kids his age that he ended up talking with for a while. They asked him if he smoked pot, and as soon as he admitted to doing so, he followed them to their apartment and took a few hits. A girl i her late teens - early twenties walked through th front door carrying a lunchbox. It was obvious t everyone that she was tripping off of extacy, and that's when Daniel knew he wanted to be with her. That night, he moved in with the girl and lived with her in Florida for over a year. It was not enough for him to be with someone he adored emotionally and physically. He had to have the right to sleep with other women. Or just date them. Right. They became a polyamorous couple right off the bat, and now that Daniel's in Williamsburg he has decided to pawn himself off o me - I'm guessing since I happened to be the firs girl who gave him the time of day. Maybe it was just convenient.

The last I heard from Daniel, he had quit his job at the 7-11 and found a new job in Richmond that required him to cut metal, using lasers that are manipulated by computers. He still lives in Williamsburg, right down the stree from me.

You'd think that nonchalantly meeting rando people and learning about who they are would leav you with some feeling of enlightenment, or intrigue. Wrong. I blame myself though, because sometimes I think that I subconsciously look for strangers to talk to. I'm finished with all that

nonsense. From here on out (or at least until I prove myself wrong) I'm going to believe that if I'm supposed to have any sort of affiliation, or connection with someone, that person will find me. Obviously I'm a bad judge of character, more so than not. My only biggest concern now is not having the ability to cease wondering if I'd be missing out on something great. I suppose I'll know when I approach it. I mean, when it approaches me.